Numb. 52.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

From Wednesday November 2, to Friday November 4, 1709.

Lucinda's Day.

THAT the Weather has an extraordinary Influence upon our Souls as well as our Bodies, is an unqueſtionable Truth, but I never found a greater Inſtance of it in my ſelf, that in one of thoſe gloomy Days we had laſt Week. Being come up into my Cloſet, more out of Cuſtom than any deſign I had there, as I ſtood viewing my Books, I took out ſeveral of my Favourites one after another, and having read a dozen Lines in ſome, and perhaps half as many in others, I put them up again: till at laſt, ſmiling at my whimſical way of reading, I left my Books and went to the Window. My Cloſet is remote from Noiſe, and every thing elſe that may be offenſive to Study and Contemplation, and all the Proſpect that belongs to it is a dead Wall, the Roofs of two or three Houſes, and ſome Stacks of Chimnies. Having open'd the Saſh, and look'd upon the Clouds of Smoak that were continually beat down by a thick mizzling Rain, till I was Wet and Cold, I pull'd it down again, and ſet my ſelf before the Fire. I was in perfect Health, my Body free from any Pains, and my Mind not diſturb'd with the leaſt Concern; yet a certain drowſineſs ſeem'd to Cloy my Spirits. This made me think how certain, and yet how inconceivable it is, that Matter works upon that which is Immaterial. I thought on the Feuds and Folly of *Philoſophers*, and my Soul ſeem'd ſo retir'd within herſelf, as if ſhe had endeavoured to Operate without the aſſiſtance of the Body, whilſt a pleaſing Lazineſs was ſtole on all the outward Senſes. When I ſat down firſt the Fire wanted mending, the Sticks that compos'd it being burnt aſunder, and by the ſudden Blaze that raiſed me from the depth of Contemplation, I found, that during the Retirement of my Thoughts, I had ſo nicely repair'd it, and placed every little bit of Wood in ſuch exact order to make them burn, as if I had been minding nothing elſe. This furniſh'd me with new Matter for Speculations, in which ſliding from Thought to Thought, I continued till my Servant brought me word, that the grave *Camilla*, the knowing *Emilia*, and the Muſical *Roſella* were below. It was a Day I expected no Viſiters, but was glad to receive Company ſo ſuitable to the Humour I was in. They had not been long with me, when the brave *Collonel Worthy* came up to us, who is newly return'd from *Flanders*. The *Collonel* is a Man of undaunted Courage, that has had a Conſiderable Share in moſt of the Actions that have happen'd in this and the laſt War, but was never ſeen in any private Quarrel. After he had intelligibly anſwer'd the ſeveral Queſtions that were ask'd him, concerning the laſt Summers Campaign, the Diſcourſe fell upon Courage, when *Emelia* deſigning a Compliment to the *Collonel*, told him, that Men of true Valour never ſhew'd it, but where it could be of Service to their Prince and Country: The *Collonel* anſwer'd, that he had always been ſo careful as not to give the leaſt Shadow of an Affront to any, and ſo happy as to have received none yet, and that it ſhould be with the higheſt Regret, if ever he engag'd in a private Quarrel; but that if he ſhou'd have the Misfortune to draw any upon him, he could never reſolve to follow any other Rules but thoſe of Honour, tho' he own'd, that it was hard that a Man's Safety ſhould in a manner depend upon the Diſcretion of others. *Emelia* reply'd, that none had been more Renown'd for Courage, than the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and yet that their Magnanimity had always been above reſenting Words and petty Injuries, for which the braveſt Men of our Age ſo inconſiderately cut one another's Throat: But the *Collonel* told her, that what ſhe ſaid was only to ſhew, that in thoſe Ages Converſation was not ſo much refin'd as it is in ours; that we might ſee Inſtances of this in the greateſt Poet of Antiquity, where Kings call one another Names, and ſwallow Words and Injuries, which the vileſt of our Mob would not paſs by without Blows: He added, that he had duely weigh'd whatever had been ſaid againſt Duelling, but that he cou'd not conceive how the Converſation, as it is now eſtabliſh'd among the better ſort of People, could be upheld if the Cuſtoms of it was totally aboliſh'd: It is, ſaid ſhe, Ridiculous to ſay, that where a Man is really injur'd, that Law will Redreſs his Grievances; for if the *Briſks*, the *Merrys*, the *Perts*, and the reſt of the Coxcombs, might ſay and do with impunity all what the Law could not take hold of, there would be no appearing in Publick for Women, and in a little time, Ladies, you wou'd have no occaſion for *Drawing Rooms*.

Prudentio was ill-natur'd from his Cradle, and whilſt he was a Boy inſupportable in the Family, having receiv'd a good Education, he ſeem'd to be much alter'd, and behav'd himſelf diſcreetly in Publick; and tho' to Servants and all inferiour People, that had to do with him his ugly imperious Temper continued the ſame, yet in Converſation both by the Men and Women, he was counted agreeable and good humour'd, and all his Actions beſpoke him a Gentleman. *Prudentio* marry'd the Haughty *Atalanta*, Siſter to the Rakiſh Lord *Cleoni*, who was very Quarrelſome, but a Man of Honour, that lov'd his Family and doted on his Siſter. *Atalanta* was ſo inſufferable in her Humours, that few Men could have bore with her; yet the indulging *Prudentio* hardly ever contradicted her, and always appear'd obſequiouſly kind to his Domeſtick Plague. *Atalanta* Dies, and the Fame of his Behaviour to his firſt Wife ſoon gets him a Second, the ſweet temper'd *Clariada*, who was the only Child to a wealthy Prelate. This was the beſt of Wives, but the ill-natur'd *Prudentio* ill repays it, treats her inhumanly, and Revenges himſelf upon the latter. Whatever the former had made him ſuffer, *Prudentio* was a Coward, that took pains to hide the Malice of his Temper only for his own ſafety; he wou'd have

have unmercifully rewarded *Atalanta*'s Haughtiness, had he not stood in awe of her Brother *Cleon*. By studying Mankind, he had learn'd to be agreeable, to avoid the danger of a Quarrel, and it is without doubt, that had *Prudentio* lived where Duelling had been Scandalous, and no body could have call'd him to an account, he would have discover'd the same Temper to all the World, as he did to his Servants, and those that were in his Power.

Consider, but *Madam*, how many *Prudentio*'s we have among us, that if they dreaded not the Satisfaction that might be demanded of them, would by insulting Men and Women, not only spoil good Company, but in a little time utterly destroy all civil Society. If no People in a Nation were to be idle, and none to Converse together but upon Traffick, that for the sake of Lucre the one might bear with the other, if by agreement the *Bon Gout* and delicacy of the Age were laid aside, and nothing to be counted Pain or Pleasure, but what offended and gratify'd the grosser Senses, there would be no occasion for the point of Honour; but among the Quality and Gentry it is the tie of Civility, where Persons that have no manner of Business together, or Dependance upon one another, meet for Society's sake; where by Common Consent, every one obliges himself to live up to the strict Rules of good Breeding, that is, stifling the real Sentiments of his Heart not to Covet, or relish at least to outward appearance, any Pleasure but what may be supposed equally diverting to all. *Emilia* having urged the Sinfulness of it, the *Collonel* reply'd, that he own'd killing a Man with a Sword was a great Sin, yet thought, that Drinking him to Death, which was so common, was no ways inferior to it; and that he believ'd, that more were killed by the Gluttony and Drunkenness of one Lord Mayor's Day in the City of *London* only, than by Duelling in a whole Twelvemonth throughout *Great Britain*. The strict Observance of the point of Honour, said he, is a necessary Evil, and a large Nation can no more be call'd Polite without it, than it can be Rich and Flourishing without Pride or Luxury; and yet I am so far from encouraging Duels, that I think nothing is more pernitious to a Warlike Nation, than the frequency of Pardons; to make the Laws of Honour serviceable to a Polite Society, in all Duels where one is killed, inevitable Death must be the Reward of the Survivor; for nothing will more effectually prevent a Man from giving the first Offence, than the certainty of the Punishment, which he is to expect, tho he Conquers.

Seeing the Company expected I should say something to it, and unwilling to let this Discourse go on any further, I told the *Collonel*, that I did not envy his Sex the refin'd Notion they had of Honour; but as I was a Woman I should never think my self obliged to any Laws, either of Honour, Politicks or Interest, that were directly clashing with those of my Religion and Country.

†‡† Lucinda *being invited on my Lord Mayor's Day to see what some People call a Cavelcade, observ'd a mighty Hubub, and found by it, that a Livery Man having that Morning fetch'd his Gown out of Pawn, had forgot to take off the Day of the Month; which may serve as an Advice to the Citizens, not to call Young Men on the Livery too soon.*

†‡† *The Players in* Drury-Lane, *who Publish it to the Town, that they are every Day Opening, are desired to Aire the House well for fear of Mrs.* Bloomsbury, *who were the first Sleev'd Scarf, shou'd take a Pet, and not make Interest for* Imoinda's *next Benefit Night.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHereas I Isaac Freelove, in Upper Holloway near Highgate, being 60 years of age, have had the Rheumatism betwixt 3 and 4 years, to such a violent degree, that at some time I could not be touch'd, but was forc'd to be taken out of my Bed in a Sheet; till I apply'd my self to Mr J. Moor Apothecary, at the Pestle and Mortar in Alchurch Lane, London who (by the Blessing of God) Cur'd me in a few Days and for a small Charge, Witness my Hand. Isaac Freelove:

JOhn Lightbody, Son of James Lightbody, of London Wood-Cutter, gives Notice, that he now lives at the Front House in Deans Court, in the Little Old Baily; where Booksellers or Printers may have Mathematical Schemes or other curious Works, as Head Pieces, Tail Pieces, Initial Letters, &c. also Tobacconists, or any other Tradesmen that have occasion for the Print of their Signs, or any other works upon Wood, may have them done by him, as fine and as cheap as by any Person in Europe. Note, He also Cuts after the Italian manner, which is Method not Practic'd in England.

A Silk Handkerchief printed, with a Draught of the Roads of England, according to Mr Ogelby's Survey; shewing the Roads and distance in measured Miles, from London to the several Cities and Towns in England. Also the Victory Handkerchiefs, which gives an account of the Success of 5 most Glorious Victories obtained by the Confederates over the French, Ornamented with the Arms of the Empire and Great Britain, Prussia and Holland: They will both Wash in a weake Lather of Soap without prejudice. Sold by Nath Crouch at the Bell in the Poultry. Pr. 2 s. 6 d.

PErfect Cure for the Asthma, by an Elixir, (a pleasant and innocent Medicine) to be taken in Drops, which has done wonders in that Case; but the Authors saying so being not so convincing as trying it will be, he desires you would for your own sakes, when, if it does no good, can do no harm to the Body, nor much to the Purse in laying out 3 s. 6 d. which is the Price of a Bottle. To be had only at Mr Lawrences a Toy-shop, at the Griffin the corner of Bucklers-bury

THe Grand Chymical Anti-Scorbutick, or Drops for the curvy. The Surprizing effects of this Medicine, has gained it such an Universal Reputation, that vast quantities are yearly disposed of in Foreign Countries, as well as here in England, and what is daily used by numbers of Physicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries in their Practice, and found to be the only certain Remedy for eradicating the most inveterate Scurvy, attended with the worst of mptoms; as pots, Blotches, Itches, Erosian and Bleeding of the Gums, Breakings out of the Skin, Numbness, Weariness, Pains, &c. carries of gently the Salt sharp Humours without Confinement, or the least Disorder, and for maintaining the Appetite, causing good Digestion, Purysying the Blood, and rendring the Body lively and vigorous, is not to be exceeded in the whole Republick of Medicines. Is to be had only at Jacob's Coffee-house, against the Angel and Crown in Threadneedle-street near the Royal Exchange, at 2 s. 6 d. the bottle with Directions.

The Purifying Spirit.

WHereas Numbers of Men, Women and Children are afflicted, some of them continually, and others only Spring and Fall, or at other Seasons, with Breakings out in divers Parts, and some all over the Body, either with Morphue, Scurf, Scabs, Sores, Tetters, Itchings, Pimples Blotches, Leprecies. Scald Heads or other Distempers of the Skin; in some to cause Red Faces, Red Noses, others Sore Eyes, fiery Blotches. Ulcers, Fistula's, &c. proceeding either from sharp Humours, Scurvy, Kings Evil, or other causes in the Blood having advised, and know not whether to get a perfect Remedy; Purgings, Vomitings, Sweatings, Bleedings, Blisterings, Cuppings, Salivations, Issues, Diet-Drinks, &c. and outwardly used Washes, Bathings, Anointings, &c. and that probably for many years together, to little more than palliating the Disease. This is therefore to give Notice, That a pleasant Chymical Spirit may be had, which is taken but 3 times a Day, or a little while together (they neith er confine or the least disorders the Body) Infallibly cures and renders the Blood and Skin incomparably pure and clean, be the Distemper of never so long standing, never so stubborn, or ever of Hereditary Derivation from the Parents. Is sold at Nath. Crouch's, a Bookseller, at ye Sign of the Bell over against Grocers Alley in the Poultry, at 5 s. the Bottle with Directions at large.

THe True Cephalick or Head Snuff, which in twice or thrice using, does infinitely more real good than 50 times using any other sort, for by its peculiar Operation and Effects, it Cures the most stubborn and dangerous Distempers of the Head, such as Apoplexies, Epilepsies, Lethargies, Vishegoes, Megrims, pains in the Head, Humours in the Eyes, Imposthums, Vapours, loss of Memory, Deafness, &c. two Papers at most times making a perfect Cure, it being what is daily prescribed and approved by the most Eminent Physitians. 'Tis to be had only at Mr Varen's a Bookseller at Seneca's Head near Somerset House in the Strand, Pr. 1 s. 6 d. the Paper with Directions.

DRops that cleanse, purify, and sweeten the Blood, carry off all Salt sharp Humours that cause breaking out, Pimples, perplexing Itchings and Scratchings, &c. especially Spring and Fall, both in Children and grown Persons; they clear away all foulnes from the Stomach, makes the Head easy, and whole boy lightsome, having really been long experienc'd to be the best as well as pleasanteft purging Drops in Nature, for People to take and go about with, for they never in the least disorder the Body or endangSr taking Cold. Are sold for 3 s. 6 d. the Bottle (which will last a long time) at Mr Lawrknees a Toy-shop, at the Sign of the Griffin the Corner of the Flute, Pr. 5 s. Printed for J. Walsh, Servant to Her Majesty, and Pr Randal, at the Harp and Hoboy in Catherine street near Somerset House in the Strand, and J. Hare at the Viol and Flute in Cornhil near the Royal Exchange.

†‡† Marten's 6th Edition with great Additions of the Secret Disease, to very terrible if neglected, or ill manag'd; discovering each particular Symprom, so as any one may know whether Infected or not, its Nature, Consequence, and true way of Cure, without hazard of Reputation and Life in the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders. Illustrated with many remarkable Observations, Histories of Cures, Letters &c: setting forth the dismal Effects of ill Cures, causing many Indispositions in both Sexes; which they oftentimes are at a loss to account for. By John Marten Surgeon, Pr. 4 s. Sold by N. Crouch in the Poultry, J. Knapton in St Paul's Church-yard, P. Varenne in the Strand, and at the Authors House in Hatton Garden.